THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

A PRAYER.

Grant us such grace that we may work thy will,
  And speak thy words and walk before thy face,
Profound and calm like waters deep and still;
  Grant us such grace.

  Not hastening and not loitering in our pace
For gloomiest valley or for sultriest hill,
  Content and fearless on our downward race.

As rivers seek a sea they cannot fill,
  But are themselves filled full in its embrace,
Absorbed, at rest, each river and each rill;
  Grant us such grace.

—Christina Rosetti.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A WHIRLWIND OF EXCITEMENT.

The Pacific is of opinion that the two young men, Diggs and Caminetti, ought to be sent to the penitentiary. But we see no good reason for the great whirlwind of indignation that has swept over California the last few days because the Attorney-General at Washington requested delay for a few weeks in the prosecution of the cases. In the circumstances it was a **humane** act.

It was only **natural** for the father of young Caminetti to wish to be present at the trial and for the mother to wish him to be there. Government interests necessitated his retention in Washington just now.

We wish ever to have guilty men punished. But we would have it done as humanely as possible for all concerned. Without endangering justice let us in California get as far as possible from that state of mind which in some parts of our country leads to burning wretched men at the stake.

It is to the present writer wholly unthinkable that the men in President Wilson's cabinet whose course has brought this outcry would have any desire to pervert justice or dare to attempt it. They would know well the disastrous consequences. The United States District Attorney was too hot-headed and hasty.

In the minds of not a few people there will always be the query whether he was not actuated to this course by the desire to embarrass and discredit the Administration. It is being remarked that he may have reasoned this way: By its course with reference to the tariff and other matters the Administration is knocking prosperity out of the country; it would therefore be a righteous act to discredit it and so aid in hastening a change. Such things have been done, and worse things too. We have no reason for concluding that the District Attorney was so actuated. Only those who know him best can judge—perhaps only himself and God. We cannot read men's minds or hearts.

But here the man stands! He has cast suspicion on members of the Cabinet. Some persons will always condemn them. So also will there be those who will condemn the United States District Attorney.

The Madison Avenue Reformed Church of New York City has invited the Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan of London to become its pastor.

SUBSTANTIAL REFORM MEASURES MORE SATISFYING THAN PET NAMES.

In the editorial columns of The Woman's Journal Alice Stone Blackwell writes concerning the fine record the last California legislature made in the way of advanced legislation, and uses the following story:

"A city woman, it is said, moved into the country, and took advantage of the chance to keep a few hens. When the first brood of young chickens hatched out she was enraptured. To a farmer's wife who dropped in that evening she held forth upon the beauty of the downy darlings 'Have you fed them?' asked the practical neighbor. 'Why, I never thought of it!' said the city woman. 'It has kept me busy the whole day to find pet names for all of them!' When women in the past have petitioned the legislature for various good things—in California and elsewhere—they have received plenty of pet names. Compare those empty compliments with the substantial meal of practical reform measures that the California women have obtained from their legislature since they got a vote."

The remark further is that this record shows how women use their power for the conservation of humanity and the preservation of the home and why they need and should have the ballot.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ASKED TO FULFILL A PROMISE MADE NEARLY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The fact that the Government has been asked to fulfill a promise made to a Puget Sound Indian tribe in 1855 should make every boastful American proud. We quote from the last annual report of the executive committee of the Indian Rights Association.

"A delegation representing the Clallam tribe of Indians in Washington have recently made personal appeals to the Indian Department and Congress, pleading that the United States will fulfill its promises made by the treaty of January 26, 1855. On that date, Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, negotiated the treaty of Point-No-Point with the Clallam, Skohomish, and Chemikum Indian tribes, by which the Indians relinquished lands occupied by them. The six sections of land granted by the treaty have been allotted to the Skohomish band of Indians who joined in the treaty mentioned, they having been declared to have prior right therein. The Chemikum band also received allotments. The Clallams, now numbering over four hundred people, have neither received any portion of the cash nor other benefits by the operation of the treaty. So we find that while these Indians surrendered all right to their former homes, which have been appropriated by the Government, the United States has failed in carrying out its full obligations of treaty.

"In some instances small tracts of land have been secured and a home established, but for the most part the Clallam tribe have led a precarious and roving life for over half a century. Yet through all these years since 1855 these Indians have remained loyal to the United States, and refused to join hostile bands at war with the Federal Government.

"The delegates on behalf of the Clallams are petitioning for lands to be set apart for their benefit from the Quinaleit Reservation in Washington, and the Secretary of the Interior has under consideration the allotment of lands to the petitioning Clallams from the reserve established by executive order in 1873, for the Quinaleit and other tribes

of fish-eating Indians on the Pacific Coast, in which class the Clallams are included.

"The Clallam tribe have demonstrated that they are worthy of the sympathy and aid of all lovers of justice, and there should be aroused such a sentiment in their behalf that the United States will no longer delay fulfilling its obligations to them."

Surely this is justice long delayed!

There is still a widespread disposition to regard this as the white man's country. Accordingly the executive committee feels impelled to say: "With the admission as states of Arizona and New Mexico, the condition of the Navajo Indians should receive attention. We deplore any action which will not scrupulously safeguard their self-reliance as a people, based on the grazing industry, which in that desert region requires very extensive areas of land. Their history since 1868 has proven their capacity as stock-raisers, and no attempt should be made to compel them to become farmers to the neglect of their herds. Congress should make provision whereby education may be secured for the 6000 Navajo boys and girls who have never seen the inside of a schoolhouse, thus fulfilling our treaty pledge made over forty years ago."

As to the Yakima Indians in Central Washington it is said in this report: "These Indians complain most bitterly of the injustice of denying to them the use of sufficient water for irrigation of their lands. Many of the Indian farms have become barren and the allottees destitute."

We quote from a protest made by them:

"In 1906 Secretary Hitchcock divided water in Yakima River and give us 147 cubic feet and give Sunnyside Canal 650 feet, leaving several miles of our new ditch dry; and not enough to water good the 30,000 acres watered by our ditches. We ask if this is right?

"Our riparian rights are older than those of the white man. This reservation, we were permitted to hold when the Government took all our other land. Water is life and belongs to the earth. Our land is poor without water. The Government has set still and let our water be stolen, and now the Reclamation Service cinch us tight if Jones bill 6693 become law.

"On Ahtanum River divide of our reservation where white man have most land, the Secretary of Interior gives three-fourths of water to white man. Now when Red man have most land to water, he gives nearly all water to white man. This was done and we could not help ourselves. We want only what is right. God wants the White man and the Red man to live in peace. We try hard to do right and obey white man's laws. We want you to help us. We want the white man to be honest and treat us right. Our words are done."

The White man hasn't always been willing to be fair and honest when his material interests have been at stake. When we think of our Negroes and our Indians, and our Asiatics here and across the Pacific, we see that the White man in the United States is going to have his willingness to be fair and honest subjected to some hard tests in the next quarter century.

Too long in their treatment of the people of other races have the Caucasians of the United States worked on the belief that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." It isn't. That old maxim is a lie. The first law of nature cannot be anything other than the first law of God—and that is altruistic. It is love. That is what Christ taught. This great truth was in all that he said and in all that he did. And toward the realization and practice of it the world is being led.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Seventy of the 162 new members of congress have been known as active church members.

At the annual convention of the International Association of Police, Mr. Sebastian, chief of police in Los Angeles, advocated woman suffrage as a means of lessening crime. He declared that it had worked that way already in Los Angeles.

A few weeks ago a woman in Chicago recovered damages to the amount of $5,000 from saloonkeepers for injuries received from her husband, a habitual drunkard, to whom they had been notified not to sell liquor. Seven other suits for damages have been instituted by other parties. There should be thousands of them.

Mention was made in The Pacific last week of the mission work to be carried on among the Japanese in the former Plymouth Church building in San Francisco by the Reformed Church in America. Among the bequests recently coming to that church was one of a million dollars. It was unrestricted and can be used for any purpose for which the general synod may direct.

The Rev. Dr. Cadman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York, is being sought for the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, to succeed Dr. Shaw who is to come to Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles. At the farewell reception to Dr. Shaw in Chicago Dr. Gunsaulus suggested that the Second Presbyterian Church become a great preaching station, and that it minister not only to its scattered membership, and to the needy people of its immediate vicinity, but to the great throng of visitors that stay over Sunday in Chicago. He intimated that the Central Church and the Sunday Evening Club were but touching the fringe of that problem, and he would gladly welcome a little rivalry. The Advance says: "The Second Presbyterian Church, like every other down town city church, has suffered from a twofold exodus—the exodus from the country to the city, and the exodus from the city to the suburbs. This twofold exodus very gravely complicates the moral problems of the city. It separates the classes from the masses; it removes the men of light and leading from the crowd. But the Second Presbyterian Church is a stronger church today than it was nine years ago when Dr. Shaw came to it from New York City."

Early this month a notable conference on country life was held in Indianapolis. It was called by the agricultural committee of the Indiana Bankers' Association and was participated in by fourteen other organizations. Among the resolutions adopted was one which called on "the religious denominations to recognize the very great importance of hearty, intelligent, effective co-operation in promoting the well-being and increasing the usefulness of the country church, to the end that unnecessary duplication of effort and division of religious workers be avoided, supernumerary churches be abandoned and the remaining ones strengthened by the merging of church societies." It declared that this would enable the church more effectively to minister to both "the spiritual and social needs of their

respective communities." The Continent remarks: "When representative business men from several states call for such conditions let the church take notice and do her part. On all sides it was considered the important thing to produce noble manhood and womanhood on the farm, as essential to the best development of the state. Here the country church, as a social center and character-building institution, can fill a large place." In December of this year a conference will be held at Davis under the direction of the California College of Agriculture at which will be considered the problems of the rural church and clergy.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

"It is a funny state and a peculiar nation that will strain at the Japs and swallow the liquor traffic," remarks the California Voice.

A recent Western Washington religious survey disclosed one school district of 26 pupils, none of whom had ever been in a Sunday-school.

President King of Oberlin College will have charge of the morning sunrise prayer meeting at the International Christian Endeavor convention in Los Angeles.

The Rev. Dr. E. L. House spoke at the Monday meeting of the Methodist ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on "The Distinction Between Psychology and Christian Science."

Party prohibitionists and some W. C. T. U. workers in California are moving for a state-wide prohibition campaign and vote of the people in 1914. The anti-saloon leaders regard this as premature.

The first Sunday of this month the First Presbyterian Church of San Diego received 106 new members. The sixty-four uniting by letter represented seventeen different states and British Columbia and England.

Arrangements have been made for one hundred members to go out from the First Presbyterian Church of Long Beach, which now has about 1200 enrolled, and form a new church in another part of the city.

The University of Southern California has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Mr. Henry J. McCoy, who for thirty-one years has been at the head of the Y. M. C. A. work in San Francisco. An honor worthily bestowed!

Since the first of last October the California Christian Advocate has added 4046 new subscribers. The circulation is about nine thousand now. Who will venture to deny that some of the Methodist ways are not better than some of the Congregational?

Whitman College has conferred the degree of doctor of divinity on the Rev. Horace C. Mason of the University Congregational Church, Seattle. Mr. Mason's many friends in Washington where he has so ably ministered for twenty years regard this as an honor wisely and worthily bestowed.

The California Christian Advocate notes the fact that the Rev. Dr. Aked is now a naturalized American citizen and says: "Dr. Aked has done good service in standing for high political ideals. His strong attitude against the social evil has greatly increased his influence and power for good in this city."

This is the way the First Methodist Church of Pasadena works: It plans to raise $50,000 and to expend half of it in building a new Sunday-school structure adjoining its house of worship on South Marengo avenue, and to take the other half for a new Methodist church in the northeast part of the city.

The building of the Los Angeles Bible Institute, the corner stone of which was laid recently, is to be thirteen stories high. It will accommodate 1500 students and have dormitories for 683. Five hundred thousand dollars will be expended in its construction. This is the institute of which Dr. Torrey is dean.

The First Methodist Church of Los Angeles has been offered more than seven hundred thousand dollars for its present site. Although they do not care to sell just now there are plans for a new edifice, at a new location, with an auditorium having a seating capacity of 3500. The membership has reached 2500.

"The women's vote has done splendid service." So says Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer, a California woman who has for many years done noble work in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In an article in the Union Signal she made the foregoing statement with reference not only to what has been accomplished against the saloon but as to other things also.

The Rev. William Rader has resigned from the pastorate of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco. In his twenty years of service in the ministry in California Mr. Rader has been a strong force for righteousness in the pulpit, on the platform and in the columns of the press. It is to be hoped that the state may have him for twenty years more in some capacity.

Mr. H. R. Albee who was elected mayor of Portland a few weeks ago is spoken of as a "pillar" in Westminster Presbyterian Church. One of the first petitions received by him after his election was from the boys of the Sunday-school class of which he had been the teacher for some time asking him not to give them up because of the many and pressing duties of his new position.

Concerning the Wednesday evening services conducted in the First Congregational Church of Oakland by the Rev. Dr. Aked last Sunday's calendar said: "The services have more than fulfilled our expectations. They have been great gatherings." The last of the four services is to be held this week. At the first there was an attendance of 900, at the second about 1100, and at the third a little over 1300.

The Rev. Dr. S. Hall Young says he distributed last summer to the people of Idatorod, Alaska, more than five tons of reading matter and that every pound of it was literally read to pieces, having passed from hand to hand until entirely worn out. On a recent trip he found some of these three hundred miles along the trail distant from the place where he had made distribution.

The Sabbath Observance League of Tacoma, having promise that the Sunday automobile races in connection with a festival to be held there in July would be changed to another day of the week if the management were insured against loss, endeavored to raise $25,000 to that end. More than half of the required amount was pledged, but the movement failed for lack of the balance.

Readers of The Pacific will remember the Rev. Dr. John Reid who supplied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco for a year more than a quarter of a century ago. Dr. Reid is living in Victoria, and had part last week in the services in dedication of the new house of worship of the First Congregational Church of that city. A son of Dr. Reid, the Rev. David Reid, has been doing splendid service in Washington for several years as a home missionary evangelist and in caring for churches in the intervals between pastorates.

"Society has its neighbors," says the Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of Pilgrim Church, Seattle. "Their ideal is this: 'What is yours is yours and what is mine is yours, if you need it.' This ideal is closely approximated in the lives of many. In every true home we find "each for all and all for each." We find the robber at a minimum and the lover at a maximum. We find healthy individualism tempered and nourished by affection. Not a few souls carry out into the gray and greedy world the altruism they learned and practiced at home. They are glorious neighbors who keep society from crumbling to pieces. It is said of Bryant, the poet, 'He treated every neighbor as though he were an angel sent in disguise to test his loyalty to the golden rule.' He leaped over the angular boundaries of the square deal into the spacious field of the ideal."

A correspondent of The Pacific Presbyterian writes as follows concerning what he calls "the comity love-feast" at Odessa, Washington: "Our church, with the Methodist brethren, entered the comity love feast and came out full-fledged Congregationalists. We thus lose, ecclesiastically, one pastor, one church, and 54 good members. The church has been supplied for some months, Rev. F. Tonge, the former pastor, being engaged at Davenport. Odessa, owing to agricultural advantages, has of late years been filling up rapidly with Germanic people, of a good class, and other foreign folk. This is one of the factors necessitating union for the sake of a stronger English work. The rearrangement under comity auspices has been pleasant and mutual good will result to the people as a whole. Such precedents might profitably be pursued in other sections in this synod where changes, unforeseen ten years ago, have altered conditions, which ought to be met according to the facts in the premises."

THE HOLY CITY.

"The quest of the holy city is a social vision," said the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle at the dedicatory services of the First Congregational Church of Victoria. "Just as once men started out on the quest of the holy grail —it was a time when personal purity and righteousness became a passion with all true knights—so the quest for a holy city such as John describes is what challenges and thrills the knights of our day. To build a holy city is even more splendid than to find the holy grail. It is the climax of Christian endeavor, the last word of God's revelation to man."

The cities of the present with their congestion, slums, poverty and crime, might tempt one to say that the holy city of John's vision was a baseless dream. The city was a murderous place; murderers had built cities. The city was ceaselessly calling for men, for the best men, calling them to break them on the wheels of industry and then fling them aside; calling for more and more and more men.

"Where shall we find a holy city? In Victoria? Even courtesy would compel us to say no. San Francisco? While built by gold and reached through a Golden Gate, no one imagines it is a holy city. New York? No. New York is one of the greatest commercial cities of the globe, and yet it is cold and hard and barbarous. London? No. London has within its wall acres of human shame and poverty instead of acres of diamonds. Rome? No. Rome is a name with which to conjure, and yet there are confusion and avarice and hypocrisy. Jerusalem has fallen beyond all description and is the scene of warring sects and bitter hatreds. There is no holy city; there never has been one; human beings have never yet lived together in peace and holiness.

"Is there to be one? Many individuals think not. Even those who delight in dwelling on the last chapters of Revelations ascribe it to heaven. And yet nothing is more certain than the fact that John was not thinking of heaven but that his was a social vision of a community of men and women living together in peace, prosperity and righteousness. The social regeneration of the world is to come through the cities; the places where men work, not where they rest; where human beings dwell whose traffic and enterprise is to be dominated by the laws of righteousness and love. The holy city does not depend on population but on principle. It is to be a city of the best, not of the big. John used New Jerusalem as its name and this has misled many. He used the name of the city he knew best, the capital of his own country, but it might have been better if he had used no name. We can each apply it to our own community—Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle. The holy city is wherever people learn to live together in holiness and justice."

"IN THE BEGINNING, GOD!"

W. N. Burr.

My dear George:

Congratulations! The First baby in a home, such a home as yours, stirs up the deep things of life. I can easily imagine that just now both elation and a heavy sense of responsibility are mingled in your thought and feeling.

Last Sunday was "Children's Day," and we went to the "exercises," which were held at the usual Sunday School hour. The kiddies had been well trained, and they were just "proper" enough and just natural enough to make their little service a very pleasant one. But it was not so much the well memorized verses and the sweet child-voices in song that made the service delightful; it was the deep thought that, in their tender years, a sense of God was being pressed into the lives of those children.

Later, at the church service, our pastor gave us older folks a strong "Children's Day" sermon suggested by the first four words of Genesis 1:1—"In the beginning, God!" And he said some things that are good and true about the mistake of omitting God from a life during its "beginning" years with the idea of, later, bringing God into that life, as through a side door. "God ignored in the beginning of a man's life is not very likely to be discovered in later life," he said.

You will be considering this, I know, as you lay your plans concerning this new life that has come into your home. I am trying to think it over with you.

Try our best to avoid it, we cannot get away from the

fact that the religious education of the child is the vital factor in his all-round development. Many people seem to be fighting shy of that fact in these days, but God's breath is in us, and we cannot stifle it and live our best. Educate our children; give them every possible advantage of the schools; familiarize them with books, and with all the practical achievement of commercial, industrial, professional life; give them the broadening outlook of extensive travel—but leave out entirely all religious instruction, and what have we done for our children? We have put tools into their hands and have not taught them to use them. We have centered them on themselves, for we have given them no vision of God, and they feel no sense of obligation to obey a Higher Authority, or to make use of their splendid equipment for anything but selfish purposes.

All this is being recognized and wisely met in our day by some people, and it is being overlooked or almost scorned by other people. And the strange thing about it is, that so many parents are among the careless or scornful ones, and that so many homes are open to almost every other wind that blows, while the religious atmosphere is shut out, or given but meager welcome.

One reason for this, no doubt, is found in the fact that many parents have become so neglectful of their own religious life that they have fallen years behind in the progress that has been making in religious education, and they don't know it. We meet them often—the people who have not kept up, in this vital line, but who have kept themselves somewhat in touch with the progressive movement of the years in other matters, who have an idea that all things remain just as they were forty years ago in matters of religious education. Bless their hearts! The church and the Sunday School have been progressing, enlarging their outlook, making discoveries and adapting their methods to their discoveries, at a marvelous rate. If the religious education in the home had only kept pace with the progressive movement of religious education in the church and Sunday School the people in general, young and old, would have been far and away in advance of the paths along which they linger today.

Those of us who have been giving some special attention to this matter—Sunday School workers and Christian parents, are inclined to emphasize strongly our conviction that it is the business of parents and teachers to know the child as well as help the child to know the Bible. In the past, religious child-trainers were rather inclined to confine their search for the law of God to the Bible; but while the Bible is the book of the Divine law there are also laws of God in the child with which we should make ourselves familiar before we can most successfully teach him the law of God that is in the Bible. I think we must study the individual child in order to adapt our teaching to him in such a way that he may open himself to our instruction. And whene the child is studied we find that we must be doing our work as teachers of the child in the light of quite a different viewpoint from that which has been the common viewpoint. As some one has put it: "We shall be trying to make the child who is four years old to be the best possible four-years-old, not the best forty-years-old. We shall not be demanding that child-Christians bear the same fruit, have the same experiences, as mature Christians who have been long in the way. We shall deal with children as children, train their religious nature just as we train their physical and intellectual nature."

It's a big contract, isn't it, George? But it's a blessed one, and I'm glad to welcome you into the noble army of parents. Some Bible students who are great sticklers for exact application of Scripture passages might not favor our pastor's use of the first four words of Genesis as a text for a sermon on "The Religious Training of Children;" but I have felt my deeper nature stirred mightily this week as I have looked into the faces of little children, and thought of the possibilities stored up in those tender lives, and have applied to their training the old, old words, "In the beginning, God!"

Very cordially, your friend,

STEVENS.

Pomona, California.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

More About Spiritual Life and Decay.

The City Tract Society of San Francisco was born in the season of the best spiritual life of our churches, and it was a very useful institution. It drew its supplies from the American Tract Society of New York. It kept a well-supplied depository of books and tracts in the Bible Rooms, then in charge of the Rev. Frederick Buel. Nearly all our Sunday-schools went here for books to replenish their libraries, and many books and tracts were sent into other parts of the state. But its chief field of usefulness was here, and consisted in the work of putting a tract, once a month, into every accessible family in the city. This was done by appointing a committee of members in each Protestant church in the city, to which was assigned a definite district. Most of these districts were about the several churches to which the several committees belonged, but some of them were in large tracts of territory where there were no churches. The number of families in each district was ascertained and the Rev. James Woodworth, and the pastor of the Mariners' Church put up in bundles once a month, the tract selected for the month, the number needed to place one in each family. These committees were instructed, not only to distribute the tracts, but also to find out and invite all stray children into the various Sunday-schools, and their parents into the various churches.

Most of these committees did faithful work, and a vast amount of real good was done. All the Protestant churches (or nearly all), including the Episcopalians, joined in the work, and all received substantial benefit from it. Once a month a general meeting was held, at which each committee was called on for a specific report of work done, and results secured, and the bundles of tracts for the succeeding month were given out. These meetings were very interesting and encouraging, a great many cheering facts were reported, and it was evident that all the churches were fed into a higher spiritual condition, by this healthful activity of so many of their members.

"But Satan also came among them," as he always does. Some of the committees seemed more anxious to feed their own churches than for the general work, and rivalry

waxed cold and zeal declined. Some of the committees refused to do their assigned work, some neglected that which they agreed to do, the monthly meetings became less interesting, and general discouragement followed. By and by the American Tract Society decided to establish a depository here, which naturally absorbed our local so- was aroused, and so alienation and indifference. Love ciety, which, after a fitful struggle, dies of inanition.

And now, looking back fifty and more years, what must be said in review? What is cause and what effect, or how much there may be of either or both, it is hard, now, to say, but two things are certainly true. The time of the vigorous life of the Daily Prayer Meeting and the City Tract Society was the time of highest spiritual life this city has ever known and the present is, as many think, the dullest in the life of the city.

Then, churches of various denominations multiplied, and all showed much of real spiritual life. Conversions were common, Christians were active workers, "the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith," and harmonious work issued in mutual growth and joy, while vital religion had a good reputation with those who were on the outside. Now the churches are growing fewer, while the population of the city has quadrupled. Our Congregational churches have shrunk nearly one-half in number, and of those that remain, only one has large congregations—and shows but little of genuine missionary life. Old-fashioned conversions are very rare, except in some of the "missions," and the churches are filling up with those whose regeneration by the Spirit is a matter of real doubt, so that increase in numbers is not surely increase in strength. Just now there is a coming together of the churches in the Church Federation for specific city cleansing, which promises good, but when the spur of the special need shall have passed, this will not hold, unless the Spirit of God shall baptize it with life from above.

But "where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Where is the former gathering of the crowds to speak and hear the word of the Lord? Who has heard, in any of our churches, in months past, a sermon on men's lost and helpless state by sin, the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus Christ, or the need and way of regeneration by the Holy Spirit? Who has heard men inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?" Paul said in one of his letters, "I resolved to know nothing among you but Christ and Him crucified," but listening to our preachers, one is led to doubt if they ever heard the story. A man 'thirsting after God" goes to church hungry and comes away hungrier than he went. If a man wants to learn the way of personal salvation, about the least hopeful thing he can do is to go to church on the Sabbath day. Oh, that God would give our preachers such views of Christ on Calvary, that they "could not but speak the things they have seen and heard." Then would the "Lord add to the churches daily suc as were being saved."

MT. HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The summer session of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions will be held at Mount Hermon in the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains, July 20-27. As last summer, our dear and talented teacher, Mrs. D. B. Wells, will give a series of Bible talks, and will also conduct the two daily classes, one in the home and one in the foreign text book, the books this year being "The New America" by Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Barnes, and "The King's Business," by Mrs. Raymond. There will be addresses by missionaries and others. Among those who are expected to speak are Miss M. Irelan of Mexico; Miss Isabel Crawford, formerly missionary among the Kiowa Indians of Oklahoma; Rev. T. A. Boyer, pastor of the First Christian Church of Oakland; and Rev. or Mrs. W. H. Brewster, having 28 years' experience in China in missionary work.

As last year, the registration fee for the School of Missions will be one dollar. This entitles the person registering to a badge, a paper cover copy of each of the two text books, pad, pencil, etc. "Rallies" of the different denominations will make the week delightful, the days being divided so that we can visit the rallies of one another's denomination. Let all who can do so plan to be at Mt. Hermon July 20-27, and gain inspiration for our missionary auxiliaries at home. Young people are especially invited, as Mrs. G. L. Hagaman, State Christian Endeavor Society Missionary Secretary, will conduct the young people's hour daily. Mrs. Hagaman is an energetic young woman, full of missions, and the young people will find her a fine teacher.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions.

THE CONFLICT OF CROSS AND CRESCENT.

J. W. Edwards.

(The honors in the oratorical contest at Davenport, Wash., on the 17th of May, participated in by the pupils in the high schools of Lincoln county, were won by J. W. Edwards, a son of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Sprague. We give the oration here to the readers of The Pacific, many of whom are acquainted with the young man's father, who has been doing noble service in Eastern Washington since 1886.—Editor.)

History is a marvelous tale of wonders. It records human achievements, progress of nations, advancement of civilization, and the propagation of religions. We may explore its pages in vain to find anything more marvelous and far-reaching in its influence than the rise, expansion and apparent decline of Islamism.

In the southern part of Arabia, during the sixth century, Mohammed rose from obscurity to fame as the founder of a religion that has moulded the character and decided the destiny of untold millions. Mohammed professed to accept the Bible's doctrines of Christianity, yet he made himself the supreme and final prophet, and the Koran his oracle of God, superseding the Bible as a divine revelation. The Cross, the symbol of Christianity, was abandoned by his followers, and the Crescent made the emblem of their faith.

The missionary zeal exhibited in the propagation of this religion has never been surpassed. Mohammed took the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, and compelled all to accept the former or be slain by the latter. He instilled into his followers the most intense religious zeal, courage and fearlessness, making them irressistible and giving them a passion to make their religion the universal faith. He decreed it the solemn duty of every good Mussulman to attack, pursue and slay those who did not embrace the true religion, one God, and Mohammed, his

prophet. These doctrines, these hopes, and these threats were the powerful springs of action that launched the Arabs, sword in hand, in every direction. These were the forces that kindled within them a fierce and passionate religious fanaticism that suffering, sacrifice and danger could not daunt.

Mohammed's policy was that of the bloody sword. Within a century of his death Islam reigned supreme over a vast territory, and its potency was felt by myriads of people. It continued to advance despite subsequent strifes and divisions for another century, until the Crescent was made to gleam from the Spires of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and the war cry, "Allah il Allah," resounded before the gates of Vienna.

Their ambition was indomitable and their power irrepressible. East to the Himalayas and noth to Russia they pressed. They penetrated into the heart of Europe. Classic Greece and the Christian Balkans were given the Crescent for the Cross and the barbarity and inhumanity of Turkish rule for their freedom and civilization. Misery, hunger, and death followed in their path, for never did they rule an alien race in a civilized manner. The extraction of the brutal conqueror's tribute was ever their policy.

They made their faith supreme over two thousand leagues of country, and established their customs, their language, and the laws of their Koran over great numbers of the human race. But the brilliancy of their empire, like the civilization in whose bosom it was nurtured, disappeared almost as quickly as it was formed. With the expulsion of the Moors from Spain through Martel and the Christian crusades of the middle ages, vanished the last stand of Islamism in the West.

From the East the Turk was more victorious. His mighty military arms swept all before him, until he finally drew up his army in the form of a mighty Crescent before Vienna. Here the followers of the Cross, under the great champion of Christianity, Sobieski of Poland, administered to the followers of the Crescent a crushing defeat which turned the tide of Turkish power, and began the process of disintegrating the empire of the Turk and expelling him back to his Asiatic home. The Mohammedan invasion rose with unity of faith, command and direction; it fell through schism, division and weakness.

For more than a century the dissolution of the Turkish Empire has been in process. Today Turkey, the one power in the world as a political sustainer of the Koran, is a weak and corrupt nation, kept alive as a sick man through the influence of more powerful nations, each watching with jealous eyes the division of the sick man's spoils lest it shall fail to receive its share. The indications of the downfall of Islamism are more evident at present than ever before.

In that part of Europe lying south of the Danube River live groups of strong and sturdy people, zealous followers of the Cross, who for half a millennium have suffered the persecutions of the followers of the Crescent, persecutions most atrocious and inhuman in their nature. Here the conflict of Cross and Crescent has been most bitter and the fruits most painful; the Crescent triumphed, the Balkans were helpless and their condition of subjection for a time seemed hopeless. But slowly the tide changed, and one by one the strongest of them asserted their independence and established republics of their own.

Still the intense local hatred which existed among them continued and they were constantly in danger from the followers of Islam. Local hatred, however could not long endure under the atrocities and harshness of the Turk, and Bulgaria, Greece, Servia and Montenegro have united in a mighty uprising to free their neighbor of like faith and blood from tyranny and oppression forever.

This sudden union astonished the world. That four nations who in the past have been tearing at one another's throats, should unite against their common enemy seemed impossible. But the apparently impossible has become a reality and there has suddenly sprung into existence a mighty co-operative power, the Balkan confederation.

The present Balkan war is the struggle of a liberty-loving people to free itself from the incubus of Turkish domination. In essence it is a struggle for the freedom of the will, represented by European peoples as opposed to the fatalism of the Orient. It is merely a continuance of the process of the disintegrating of the Ottoman Empire, which has been going on ever since that memorable day when Sobieski checked the advance of the Turk at Vienna. When it came, it was as a bolt from the heaven, although it has been gathering force for a century.

These peasants, hardy, enduring, heroic, able to live on a piece of bread day after day, used to sleeping in the cold, have lived for this momentous hour. It is the glorious realization of the dreams of their ancestors. It is the young champion training, waiting, at last having his hands untied and his fists freed, aware for the first time of his great possibilities and prowess.

The soldiers of the allies, fighting for the liberty of their kindred, fighting for revenge, fighting for what they know to be their very future destiny, have proven themselves to be fearless of injury or death. They are inspired with a valor that is worthy of those fighting for honor, fame and high standards. Better soldiers than those of the Balkans never marched to victory. Greater efficiency, military genius and bravery have never been known. They are a people with a cause, and to them it is the cause of Christ against Mohammed; of the Cross against the Crescent. By their united and mighty military effort they have been able to defeat their enemy in a series of battles, and today the once mighty Turk is seeking truce and pity from those whom he has always treated with disdain and savagery. His former glory has been lost, and the once arrogant tyrant has become a humble suppliant for mercy.

The mighty work of expelling the Turk from Europe seems practically accomplished, although at a frightful cost, for it has taken the flower of manhood of the allies. Today all indicates the downfall of the Turkish Empire and the emancipation of those who have been groaning under its yoke. We do not know how long Islamism may hold sway over certain semi-civilized nations, but it is certain that its progress among the enlightened has forever ended, and never again shall it hold sway over a Christian people.

The steady decline of Islamism for the past century, the recent defeats of the followers of the Crescent by Italian and Balkan armies and their final expulsion from Europe, all fulfill the divine prophecy of the sure attainment of world-wide Christianity, and the supreme attraction and efficiency of the Cross.

Heine, the German poet, describes the banqueting of

the Homeric gods and the approach of a pale-faced Jew with blood on his brow, bearing a heavy Cross. At his presence the pagan deities grew pale and vanished. It is the picture of the certain victory of the Cross over idolatry and all false religions.

Ignorance, fatalism, brutality, sensualism and the degradation of womanhood all account for the corruption, demoralization and dissolution of Turkey and Islamism. The Writing on the Wall to Turkey is, "God hath numbered thy kingdom and brought it to an end; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting; thy kingdom is divided."

Truly the dream of Mohammed is ended and the day of the Moslem is done. Turkey and its Crescent have been humiliated. The Cross has triumphed and is supreme. The vision of Constantine the Great, beheld in brilliant stars in the heavens, has been fulfilled. By the Cross they have Conquered.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOLIDAYS.

James Brierley.

The universe is first of all, and all the time, a worker. The more we investigate, the more amazed are we at the stupendous energies which incessantly pulse and quiver around us. From the mighty whirl in which we partake, of our planet's motion round its axis and that other round the sun and of that yet vaster rush which, together with the whole solar system, it is making through the constellations at a pace that has carried us of middle age two thousand millions of miles from the point where we first saw the light—down to the complex of forces in a drop of water—everything is alive with effort and movement. Our body takes no holiday. When we wake and when we sleep the heart keeps us its systole-diastole, the cells incessantly build themselves, the myriad toilers in brain and tissue and blood hold their posts and do their share of the complicated task of keeping us alive. The highest style of living, and therefore the happiest, lies in fullness of faculty and in the fullness of its exercise. As long as the universe continues on its present basis that plainly is the law of it.

What then of the holiday? The message from the spheres, is it only of work, with no hint of rest? Far otherwise. The old Hindu philosophy, with its doctrine of the "sleep of Brahma," of the lapse, that is, of the cosmos into successive periods of inactivity, preparatory to new births of energy, had a deep meaning behind it. Within its roaring loom of movement the universe holds a whole apparatus of repose. The sleep of our body is an image of vaster slumbers outside. Around us in space there are suns that are asleep and that after millions of years will wake again. But when we observe these slumbers in man and in the worlds more closely we gather a new secret. They are not, we discover, an inertia, but an alteration of movement, a subtle nutrition of exhausted points, a gathering of scattered forces for a fresh campaign. The "rest," whether it be of the edge of our razor or of the gray matter of a thinker's brain, is a flow of energy in a new direction. It is here nature yields us her "play-lesson," enough at least of it to construct a better holiday philosophy than most of us seem possessed of. The great life, she tells us, is above all things an energy, and the holiday, properly conceived, is the means by alterations and readjustments of re-enforcing and increasing that energy.

With this conception for our starting point we ought, without difficulty and without mistake, to fit the holiday element into our scheme of life. How, most quickly and most completely, shall we refill the exhausted reservoirs; how, in the precious leisure days, add most effectively to the sum of our powers? Often, and especially at the beginning, it will be by a sheer passivity, by yielding ourselves to nature, as a child to its nurse; drinking her breezes, her sunshine, taking

> Our fill of deep and liquid rest,
> Forgetful of all ill.

For here, while our will rests, our organs do not. It is their busiest time, though they say nothing to us of their activities.....

Where our worker is in right relation to the divine law, it will be difficult to say where he gets his greatest enjoyment, whether from the performance of his main tasks, or from those intervals of subsidiary process in relation to it. Both, he realizes, are of a piece. His holiday joy contains as an ever-present element, the remembrance of past work well done, and of future work that waits to be done. And with this as the background of consciousness, how delicious are the hours in which, face to face with Nature, we ask her to do her work upon us, and to give us meanwhile some vision of herself! There are moments spent amid

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

when we feel with Taine, "the more I see nature and the fields, the better I love them; they seem to have more intelligence, more soul than man."....

A radical vice about the holiday, we have urged, is that of valuing it, as multitudes do, as a brief escape from their daily toil. There is something wrong whenever this is the case, but the fault is not always with the workers. As the social conscience develops, it will be felt more and more to be a responsibility amongst employers so to arrange the conditions of labor as to make it everywhere a joy. For under proper conditions work, we repeat, is our highest joy. Were it put from our reach a twelvemonth would we not give the world to get it back again? And the so-called mechanical and monotonous tasks, rightly arranged, may be as pleasurable as the more intellectual. For it is precisely such tasks that leave the mind free for its finest exercises. There is many a collier who, as he wins the coal in the mine, is constructing a Sunday school lesson, or a sermon for a village pulpit and no man in the land happier than he. But it is for the employers to see that this labor shall be a blessing and not a bane; wrought in healthful environment, with moderation of quantity, sufficiency of interval and adequacy of reward. It will be one of the greatest of human revolutions when the labor conditions have become such that the worker turns to his toil with a delight not less than that with which he lays it aside.

And yet another word. There is a part of us, and that the highest, to which what has been here argued in no way applies. It is one of the exidences of the gulf which separates our spiritual from our animal that the soul takes no holiday. There is no vacation for the gifts in us of the

Spirit. Our faith, our hope, our love, our service in Christ's name of God and our fellow are by their very nature a conconstant and ever on duty. For them to take holiday were the failure of our manhood. In the hour of our relaxation, as in that of our most strenuous endeavor, it is their ceaseless operation that gives us our joy and insures our progress. As a mediaeval poet has beautifully put it, "Our soul may never rest in things that are beneath itself."

ACTION AT THE CONVENTION OF TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Believing that the time has come when the united temperance forces of the nation will strike, and strike hard, at America's greatest curse; we, citizens of the State of California, assembled at San Francisco in Conference representing many shades of temperance opinion, do hereby pledge ourselves to co-operate heartily in the opportune movement now under way to secure national prohibition of the beverage liquor traffic by Constitutional Amendment. This method commends itself as practical and radical, and conditions in the nation warrant the hope that victory will be both speedy and complete.

Meanwhile the work in California must be prosecuted with great wisdom. While temperance sentiment here has grown until it is politically influential, we are far behind the average of the nation. In the country at large more than half of the people live in no-license territory, whereas in California only one quarter of our people enjoy such an experience. We would therefore deplore as inopportune and most unwise any attempt to force the question of state-wide prohibition upon the ballot at this time, feeling sure that we must patiently continue in the state, as we did in the nation, the work of saloon repression until we have thereby created a public sentiment which makes possible the complete suppression of the traffic. Until that time arrives we must and will refuse to join in any campaign which would jeopardize past gains and delay the final victory.

For more than forty years California has prohibited the sale of liquor within a mile of our State University, and for several years a similar zone has been established around Stanford University. This is based on the theory that assemblies of young people away from the wholesome restraints of home should be protected from the seductive influence of liquor. We believe in this time-honored policy of the state and urge its extension to other institutions of learning. We, therefore, recommend that a bill be initiated and submitted to the voters at the next election, establishing a "dry" zone around all universities and normal schools.

Experience under the Wyllie Local Option law has demonstrated that the units therein provided work great injustice to many communities. They permit small incorporated cities and towns to maintain nuisances in the midst of larger communities which are denied the right to abate such nuisances.

We, therefore, recommend that the law be changed, and we urge the election to the Legislature of only such candidates as will agree to so amend the Wyllie law that the whole county, excepting only larger cities, shall be one unit.

Good laws poorly enforced are of little value. We, therefore, urge our fellow-citizens everywhere to co-operate with and encourage district attorneys and other executive officers who are seeking diligently to enforce the people's will as enacted into law, and we call special attention to the fact that the political code of California makes it the duty of district attorneys to detect crime as well as to prosecute it. If the present provisions for law enforcement be found inadequate we will ask the Legislature to make such amend ments thereto as are being tried and approved in other states.

Finally, we congratulate the newly enfranchised women of California on the victory achieved under the splendid leadership of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in securing the passage through the Legislature by almost unanimous vote of the Red-Light Injunction and Abatement bill, and we pledge our heartiest co-operation in a campaign to sustain that bill in case of a referendum vote, and to make it effective when in force.

With the full purpose and confidence of victory we put forth this program, trusting in God and in each other, determined that our country shall be free.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Monrovia.—The Congregational Church of Monrovia will have ere long a handsome parsonage. The sum of $2,500 has been subscribed for that purpose. Ray D. Welch is pastor at Monrovia.

San Francisco, First.—Next Monday Dr. Aked will leave for a five weeks' vacation. The pulpit will be supplied the first three Sundays of his absence by Dr. Charles Merle d'Aubigne, the son of the famous historian of Protestantism. The last two Sundays by Dr. Motoda, president of St. Paul's College in Tokyo.

Oakland, Myrtle Street.—Children's day eleven babies dedicated in baptism; two brothers 12 and 14 years of age baptized; 5 adults received into membership, four of whom are parents of two children baptized and one a grandparent. The school rendered "The First Children's Day." A C. E. War of the Roses added 12 new members in May; the Intermediate Society initiated 10 new members in the same month.

Nevada City.—The Rev. Josiah Sims closed his pastorate of 40 years here with a thoroughly optimistic sermon. A large congregation listened to the preacher who has devotedly ministered in Nevada City all these years. At the conclusion of the sermon Mr. Sims told of the gratitude in his heart for the co-operation received during the many years. As a token of appreciation a well-filled purse was presented him on that farewell occasion.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—The Olivet church of Los Angeles recently received five on confession and two by letter, with prospects for others coming into the church. A week-day training class for singers has been organized by Prof. G. P. Andrews, and a large chorus choir under his directions leads the service of song with efficiency. An instrumental and vocal musicale by the Misses Keddie of the congregation, assisted by various talent, was recently presented. A fine attendance was present and generous receipts were

realized towards furnishing the lecture room. Several ministerial brethren have assisted in the preaching during the pastor's recent illness. On resuming activity he devotes several Sunday evenings to evangelistic preaching.

MRS. JAMES HAZLETT RECITES JOB IN FIRST CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Twelve hundred absorbed people listened to Mrs. James Hazlett's wonderful recital in the First Congregational Church of Oakland on Sunday evening, June 15th. Seldom is a thing more finely done than this interpretation of the Hebrew masterpiece. The traditional arguments from the lips of the comfortable who use their own prosperity to convince the suffering man of the wisdom of Jehovah, and, failing in this, employ ridicule, accusation and innuendo to punish him for daring to dispute their right to be Jehovah's self-appointed spokesmen, appeared at their true worth. The speakers stand as the embodiment of tradition, orthodoxy and respectability; and never did these appear more sapless than when uttered with a fine dramatic power and spiritual insight which gave them their full value. Job, courageous, bewildered, despairing, suffering, yet withal uttering his complaint with a dignity and a sense of the justice of the Almighty which his would-be interpreters are constitutionally unable to understand, is left in the imagination as one of the great souls of the race. He is not outraged; he will not turn upon Jehovah. Though perplexed and a bye-word to the rabble there is a just God somewhere. His humility, when understanding dawns, is a blessed relief after the pompous nothings of his critics and opponents.

All these things and more Mrs. Hazlett makes one feel. The best part of the recital is that the hearers carried away, not so much the picture of a woman of superb powers interpreting a noble poem, as an understanding of a profound spiritual experience which helps us to a truer understanding of our own problems. This is a consummate art. We think of Mrs. Hazlett with gratitude because she has introduced to us a great soul—a soul struggling, suffering and at last triumphant.

RAY F. CARTER.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. C. C. Kirtland is improving steadily at his home in Lodi.

The movement for the union of the Park and Sunset churches, San Francisco, has failed.

Superintendent Rathbone has spent two very serviceable weeks among the churches in Humboldt county.

The Rev. F. V. Jones of Niles accepts the call to Lodi and expects to enter on the work the 1st of August.

One of the admirable stories for children which the Rev. Herbert A. Jump tells and writes will be found in The Pacific this week.

In the list of National Council delegates from the Pacific Coast in The Pacific last week the name of the Rev. Herbert A. Jump was omitted.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the paper will be by the Rev. George B. Hatch of Ware, Massachusetts, formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cull expect to leave the islands for California on the 2nd of July. Mrs. Cull has recovered from her throat trouble. Dr. Cull will continue his literary work for a while yet before taking a pastorate.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, spent last week at Gearhart, Oregon, speaking daily at the College Y. M. C. A. conference.

The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, gave the alumni address at Whitman College, Walla Walla, last wek.

The Thursday evening dinner in Plymouth Church, Seattle, is well attended. Two weeks ago 180 were in attendance and 125 remained to the evening meeting in the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, the missionaries to China supported by Plymouth Church, Seattle, departed last week for their home at Lintsingchow. They go by way of San Francisco, Honolulu and Shanghai, stopping briefly en route.

Encouraging progress is being made in the campaign for the raising of $375,000 for Whitman College so as to secure the sum of $125,000 voted by the General Education Board. President Penrose is of opinion that the amount will be raised within the time limit.

A SEATTLE ORDINATION.

Assembled by invitation of letter missive issued by Plymouth Congregational Church of Seattle, an Ecclesiastical Council was held in the parlors of their church at half past two o'clock on Tuesday, June 10th, for the examination of Mr. Louis E. Scholl, and if deemed expedient by the Council to ordain the brother to the gospel ministry.

Each of the churches of the city was represented by pastor or delegate, or both, and individuals, Rev. W. W. Scudder, John H. Matthews, J. M. Dick, George Baker and Samuel Greene.

The Council elected Rev. Samuel Greene moderator and Rev. Charles H. Shank, pastor of the Alki and Fairmount churches, as scribe. Mr. Scholl had prepared a very interesting paper touching his early training and Christian experiences, his desire from his early manhood to become a minister and helper to his fellows, lifting up those who were cast down, striving to brighten the lives of the boys and girls by bringing them into the Christian way. He frankly told the Council that he did not feel bound by any hard and fast creed, excepting that in the Bible as the Word of God he saw the revelation of Jesus as the Christ and the Savior of men, and that his own life was consecrated to the end of bringing human lives to Him. Brother Scholl has been among us for several years serving as licentiate several of our churches with great earnestness

and large success. He has been an assistant and director of boys' work in Plymouth Church for more than two years. The Council was well attended by many others beside the official representatives and its action was unanimous in favor of the candidate. There were no other public services than the laying of our hands upon the head of our brother while Dr. Francis J. VanHorn offered the ordaining prayer setting him apart to the ministry of the Gospel. S. G.

JOYS AND TROUBLES.

Troubles? Sure, I've lots of them.
Got 'em heaped up by the score;
Got 'em baled and bundled up,
Got 'em hid behind the door—
Got 'em young, and got 'em old,
Got 'em big and little, too;
Don't care to discuss 'em now,
Rather tell my joys to you!

Got the finest home there is,
Got the finest pair of boys,
An' the sweetest little girl—
Reg'lar livin', breathin' joys.
Got the finest wife in town,
Got a little garden, too;
Troubles? Sure, I've got 'em, but
Rather tell my joys to you!

Got a bunch of friends I love—
Friends I know are stanch and true;
Visit 'em, they visit me,
Just the way good friends should do;
Got my health, an' got a job,
That's enough to see me through;
Troubles? Sure, I've got 'em, but
Rather tell my joys to you.

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I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

A CHILD'S SERIOUSNESS.

What we oftenest run athwart in the child, and daily offend, is his seriousness. I should not be astonished if this remark surprises more than one reader, for there is, alas! an impervious wall between the state of mind of most adults and that of a child. We do not take the child seriously. It is assumed that what concerns him is insignificant, that it is limited to certain unimportant events, things in miniature, which take place down where he is, far from those heights where the only things of consequence happen. "That is childish, a bagatelle, a mere nothing," we continually say.

O shortsighted creatures that we are, dull of sense and narrow of vision! How with our heavy tread do we crush the gracious blossoms of that garden of God called the heart of a child! We take ourselves seriously, our affairs are the affairs of moment, the child's are mere puerilities and play. But we deceive ourselves. No one is more serious than the child. Not the merchant over his accounts, the judge pronouncing sentence, the sage in meditation, or the faithful at prayer, is more serious than he. We might even make a saying: Serious as a child.....

Listen to this story: It is an old man's tale, but in the depths of his heart he still felt his childish wounds.

"I had committed one of those faults so natural to children and so little malicious in intent, however grave. In the presence of the family and some friends I had been dealt with firmly, as the offense merited, and in the face of my fault, acknowledged and bitterly regretted, I had burst into sobs Then I was sent away. As I closed the door, still overwhelmed by what had happened, I heard behind me a great burst of laughter. Then I fled and hid in the farthest corner of the house, and wept my little heart out, that laugh had made me suffer so. From that day I lost the native confidence it is so well to keep as long as we may; and over and over again I asked myself the question, 'Are big people, then, not serious?' "

How many children could tell a like story!—Charles Wagner, in By the Fireside.

THE SHIP OF HOME.

"Is the home a worn-out institution?" queries the radical. The shocked sentimentalist gibbers hysterically of "bulwark of civilization" and "sacred memories," but the honest thinker admits that the average home is not without its faults. Since the present alternative of the worst home is the boarding house—frying pan and fire!—it behooves us to consider from what the faults arise. Most of

the reformers who discuss the question point out that progressive science has passed with averted head the household machinery, which, cumbersome and ineffective, is the root of all discord One suggests as a remedy the "simple life" and a diet of uncooked food, while another has faith that oftfailing co-operative housekeeping will yet solve the problem.

It is true that normal life, hygienic feeding, and division of labor are excellent in a home; but that which makes home a place as pleasant to live in as to look back upon is unity and harmony among the members of the household. Though the machinery moves like clockwork, the servants are skilled automatons, the health food comes in packages with the seal unbroken, every member of the family gardens before sunrise, and "relaxes" on the floor twice a day, happiness will skurry by that house if the children whine, the mistress nags, or the master grumps. Progressive science substitutes the rapid steamer for the slow sailing vessel, but mutiny among the sailors is as disastrous on one as on the other. If there is a clear head to calculate the course, a strong hand at the helm, a firm will to enforce discipline, the old patched schooner of a farmhouse is a safe craft in which to cross "life's tempestuous sea.'

AN EXCHANGE OF DUTIES AND EXPERIENCES.

Having been told for ten years that his wife knew more about business than he did, the man finally came to the conclusion that possibly she did, so he transferred the management of the family exchequer to her hands.

She was jubilant. She remained jubilant for a week; then late one afternoon she met him at the office for a downtown dinner together. They had a good dinner, and she thoroughly enjoyed it until he pushed the cheek for it over to her.

"What is that for?" she asked.

"For you to pay," he said.

"Well, hardly!" she returned warmly. "You pay it yourself."

"I haven't anything to pay it with," he insisted. "You're the cashier. You've undertaken to show me how to keep expenses down, and naturally you'll find it no trick at all to pay your bills. When I was making you an allowance for your incidental expenses, as you are doing with me now, I never expected you to pay for dinners you took with me, did I?'

She paid. She felt that she was being cheated in some way, but she paid, and then she suggested, sarcastically, that she supposed he would expect her to pay for the theatre tickets, too.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, then, we won't go," she retorted.

"Just as you say," he returned pleasantly. "You're the financial manager."

The ride home was not especially enjoyable although he seemed to be in excellent humor. She was inclined to be morose, and she had not entirely recovered her equanimity when he reached home the following evening.

"A bill for a dozen shirts came today," she said. "I don't see why they addressed it to me."

"I charged them to you," he explained. "I'm not running any accounts these days, you know. Did you pay it?"

"No, I didn't and I won't."

"Oh, you'd better," he urged.

"Well, I won't," she answered, decisively. "How do you suppose I am going to save money if I have to keep paying it out like this?"

"How do you suppose I could save money when I had to pay it out like this? That's what I've always had to do."

"Well, it isn't fair for me to have to pay it," she said. But she paid the bill, although she did it under protest.

Then one night they were caught out in the rain, and she had to pay for the taxi that brought them home. She remarked bitterly that money just seemed to melt away. She expected sympathy, but she did not get it, for that brute of a man merely observed that he had somewhat that same experience with it when he was handling the cash.

After that she paid the bills for two morning papers that he took, for cleaning and pressing a suit of clothes, for a new hat, for four neckties, and for two pairs of shoes that she thoughtlessly asked him to get for the children.

In time she began to brood over these matters. It seemed to her that he was always asking for money in trifling amounts to pay for things that she had never bothered about before, or else was bringing bills home.

And somehow, in some ways, he did not seem to be as attentive as he had been formerly. So it happened that one night he found her on the verge of tears.

"You used to bring me home flowers occasionally," she said, "but now—"

"Why, my dear," he protested, "I didn't know you wanted any flowers."

"You know I always like flowers," she said. "I'm extremely fond of them, and—and you've never forgotten that before."

"But you didn't give me any money to get them with," he explained, "and I didn't feel like charging them to you."

For a minute there was doubt as to whether it would be tears or flashing eyes. Then she went over to her little desk, picked up the checkbook, and threw it on the floor at his feet.

"Take your old checkbook," she said. "I don't want to have anything to do with it. I don't want to manage anything—"

"Except me," he put in.

And the next night he brought her home a fine large bouquet of roses.—New York Times.

THE ABUSE OF BABY'S ARMS.

One afternoon a smartly-gowned woman came down the steps of a fashionable New York apartment house, leading a child by the hand. She was evidently in a hurry, and her quick, long strides made a mighty pace for the tiny feet, which finally lost the power to take any steps at all. The woman, unwilling to be delayed by the child, hurried on, dragging the little one after her, deaf to the protesting wail that came from under the big hat atop the little figure at her side.

On she went, anxious, no doubt, to make up time lost in hunting a misplaced hatpin, in lingering for a final word of gossip, or a long drawn out good-by—one of the hundred little delays that make women always in a hurry and never on time.

The people she met paid no heed. If one or two turned

and gave a passing look to the pair, it was merely to wonder absently why the child cried. But from across the street the driver of a coal cart, busy unloading coal into a hole in the sidewalk, caught sight of the woman, and, with a brief exclamation intended for no one in particular, ran after her, calling loudly:

"Madam, if you don't pick up that child, I'll call a policeman. You'd ought to be ashamed to treat a baby worse'n you would a bull pup."

At first the mother paid no attention to the man, unless inwardly to resent his interference. But as he repeated his threat she stopped, impatiently set the child on his feet, wiped his tears away, scolded him a little for crying, then went on at a pace the baby legs could keep, while the driver turned back to his cart, muttering:

"If I'd a struck one of them horses there'd a been a dozen women's heads out of windows yelling at me to stop, and they'd let another woman yank the arm clean out of a baby's body and never say a word.". .

No other single act of cruelty is as common as that which earned for the mother of this child the righteous indignation and the reprimand of the coal cart driver The lifting and dragging of children by the arm is something that is done every hour of every day, with what lasting injury to the children only doctors know.—Bertha H. Smith, in Good Housekeeping.

POTENTIAL HUSBANDS.

Moralists and students of life are never tired of picturing the delusion of girls who marry unworthy men in the vain hope of reforming them. The caution is a just one, but, if we give it a somewhat wider application, it becomes a plea for patience and forbearance. In practical experience it is not the vicious only, but also the good, whose settled habits do not easily or permanently yield to the influence of the women they love. In fact, the really reformative influence of a wife upon the fixed habits and prejudices of her husband is less than most women are ready to allow; and the most loving wives must often feel keen disappointment at their powerlessness in the face of little disagreeable ways and tricks of manner which antedate their own acquaintance with the man to whom they have linked themselves for life.

None the less, the making of good husbands rests in the hands of women, and, where wives fail, mothers succeed. It is one of the significant reciprocities of life that women train sons for the comfort or disappointment of other women. Many mothers, however, do not like to think, or think with a certain pang of jealousy, of the one woman who may supplant them in the first affection of a son. They ought, we believe, to take a nobler and more practical view; and, among other possibilities, think often of their boys as potential husbands, training them deliberately and carefully to be as successful in this relation as they hope to see them in the other duties and opportunities of life.

The real importance of this point of view grows with the advance in the average age of marriage under the pressure of modern life. Marriages at sixteen, which were not at all uncommon in the days of our grandmothers, are now so rare as to excite surprise, and are invariably regarded with popular disapproval. It is felt that a girl has a right to some enjoyment of her youngladyhood before she assumes the responsibilities of married life. And with the generally accepted postponement of the marriageable age for women has come a like delay for men, who wait until they have finished their education and gained a foothold in life which promises support for a family. Love is not dead, but prudence is his counselor.

In this postponement of the age for marriage there is room on both sides, but perhaps especially on the side of the man, for the forming and fixing of habits, and there is all the greater need for the training of potential husbands by their mothers in the early years of life. Boys among the educated classes have ceased to marry girls, but men with established characters marry women with settled views of life. Let the college girls, who say that the reason why a smaller proportion of them marry than is the case outside the roll of college graduates is because the ordinary man falls so far short of their ideal, look to it when they do marry that they, as mothers train ideal husbands for the college girls to come.

Nor is this the end of the matter. The home is the real unit of society; the duty of making a Christian home, which is the essence of true marriage, ought to be learned, by boys especially, from their mother's lips. Example is not enough. The common world of talk and books is full of distorted or misleading views of the marriage relation. The true view—the Christian view—that God setteth the solitary in families; that he made the man for the woman no less than the woman for the man; and that to make a Christian home is one of the highest privileges of life ought to be impressed upon the mind of a boy far in advance, and to the exclusion and scorning of all ignoble or sentimental views of that personal relation which is the corner stone of home.—Ex.

YOUR CHILD'S CHILD.

Consciously or unconsciously the child has an ideal for his own children. He knows that he wants them to be well, intelligent, obedient, useful and happy, and he understands that parental training has for its purpose the securing of the best good of the children; therefore, he intends to train his children in all the virtues so that they will develop in all desired characteristics. As a matter of course, this purpose is inchoate, nebulous, indefinite. The wise mother will undertake to make it definite, purposeful.

A girl of ten heard a lecture on heredity, and going home, made a practical application of its lesson to a younger sister who was disobedient.

"I tell you what it is, Mamie," she said, "if you want your children to mind you, you must mind Mother."

This in substance, is the idea to be implanted in the mind of the child. "What you desire your children to be, you must yourself endeavor to be."

It is astonishing how soon such a thought will take possession of the little mind, and how potent its influence may become—Mary Wood-Allen, in American Motherhood

CULTIVATE CONTENTMENT.

If you are in a hurry don't get behind a lame man. "Hitch your chariot to a star." Beware of the sneer and the scoffer. Seek the man who believes in things that are good and

who is trying to make everything else better, by deeds and words.

Come into the sunshine for a little while. It is a good world after all. You have had hard luck, ill health, and hard blows, but open your ledger and see if the credit doesn't overbalance the debit side.

Be frank with yourself and see how much of the debits can be charged to your own fault—a lack of foresight, trusting to the untrustworthy, overreaching selfishness, stupidity, extravagance, failure to learn by experience or refusal to profit by advice.

Take a few precious moments for self-examination. Don't mourn because someone who started in life with fewer advantages than you had has done so much better. Think of those you have left behind in the race. Yours must be a hopeless case if you are last in line.

Happiness is from within, not from without. No greater happiness can be found than that which comes from the sweet content of right thinking, right living, and a good conscience. Try it! See how warm and inviting its sunshine is!—Leslie's.

For The Children.

THREE KINDS OF BOAT PEOPLE.

By Herbert A. Jump.

Where is the boy or girl that doesn't like boats? Of course not every one likes to sail in boats for sometimes the water becomes very tipsy-topsy, and then something down beneath your jacket becomes very squirmy-wormy, and you wish you were on dry land shoveling snow off the sidewalk. Not that it is much fun to shovel, no, no; still it is more fun to do that than to have the feelings you sometimes have on shipboard.

But there are other ways of liking boats besides sailing in them. You can lie in the sand on the beach and watch them like so many fuzzy clouds floating past, way down where the sky ends. Or you can take an excursion in a steamboat on the river where boats always behave themselves. Or, best of all, you can whittle little boats out of a shingle with a jackknife, and set them sailing on the bathtub with a piece of yesterday's Herald for a sail and a bellows for wind; and then you can race them from New York, which is here by the faucets, over to Liverpool, which is yonder at the downhill end of the tub.

Yes, we all like boats, and we know a lot of different kinds; the huge steamboat with the red smoke-stack, the sailboats with all their big wings of white cloth, and even the tiny, pokey canal boat that goes only when the mules go—and that means that sometimes it doesn't go very much. And have you ever thought that people are just like these boats? Why, the world is full of boat people, boat-women and boat-men, boat-boys and boat-girls, sailing round with one another day after day in the house, in the school, on the street, everywhere.

First, there are the Canal Boat People. The canal boat cannot sail of itself, it moves only when some mules or men or a tug drags it. Its go-power is in some one or something else. So these people move only when they are pulled. There was once a little fellow who hated, O so much! to go to bed at night. And after Mamma had told him once, "Freddy, I guess it is time for bed," she had to tell him again and again, and finally had to say, "You must go this very minute." And then he only just went.

He was a Canal Boat Freddy, and there are a great many of him. The boys who know they ought to wash their hands and brush their coats and learn their lessons, but who never do these till they have to, until they are fairly pulled into it—these are all Canal Boat Boys. Don't you know the names of some?

Then there are the Sailboat People. The sailboat is better than the canal boat because it can move without anybody to pull it. But you must have a wind. Its go-power is in what surrounds it. So these Sailboat People skim through the day beautifully so long as the wind is fair, when everything goes right, and no one is cross, and the doll hasn't fallen and smashed her nose into crumbs, and the rain doesn't wet one's feet so one can't go to the party But when things turn out the other way—my, my, O my! Let the girl across the aisle step on your toes, or let Sally Slow win the prize you expected; how you do lose your temper and say harsh words and call mean names!

Don't you see? You are only a Sailboat Girl. You don't get along well when the winds are against you; the weather must be just right or you will never sail into the harbor of a happy evening. Probably it isn't hard to think of some Sailboat People.

How different from the other two kinds is the last kind, the Steamboat People! The steamboat needs no mules or men to drag it, no pleasant winds to blow it to its port. Let it rain and snow, howl and blow, and send all the dishes ker-smash! below, still the great steamboat goes on, steady through the storm. So with the Steamboat People; they are always bright-faced, sweet-voiced, kind-hearted, no matter whether the milkman brought the milk or forgot it, no matter whether Johnny is coughing with croup or building a snow man in the yard, no matter whether Christmas came with a wagonload of presents or none at all.

How do we explain these people? Ah, they have the right kind of souls; their go-power is inside. They have engines of their own, made up of good thoughts, good intentions, good habits, and good other things, and these engines are always ready and strong to push them through the hardnesses. And one of the best things about a Steamboat person is that he is able to help some one else.

Are you going to be one of the Steamboat People this year?

THE ROBIN THAT REMEMBERED.

There was trouble in Robintown, in the Apple Orchard country. Father and Mother Robin were flying from tree to tree in great distress and all their friends were hurrying to see what had happened. I knew the secret the two had guarded so carefully—of the nest in the old Sweet-William apple tree with its three tiny, wide-mouthed babies. I thought of Neighbor Browne's black cat and left my work to hasten out and see what was the matter.

As I stood in the old orchard listening, I heard a 'sain' cry from the grass under the tree and after careful search found one of the baby robins lying helpless on the ground. I suppose it must have fallen over the edge of the nest, for it was not yet strong enough to fly. Somehow, too, it had broken a leg, either in its fall or in its struggles after it reached the ground.

Tenderly taking it in my hand and speaking a soothing

word to Father and Mother Robin, who ceased their plaintive cries when they saw their little one in my hands. I took the little sufferer to the house, lined a box with cotton for a resting-place and set the broken leg as well as its restlessness would allow. Such a hungry baby! It was always ready to be fed and never seemed to have too much. Would it be possible for a growing robin to overeat, I wonder?

The days passed by and Tony—as I named my little charge—soon grew large and he and I became the best of friends.The broken leg was strong again and before long Tony was hopping around the room and following me from place to place about my work. But I knew I must not keep my little pet a prisoner. So, one sunshiny morning, I opened the window and let him look out upon the beautiful free world.

He turned his head from side to side, studying the strange new country, but soon he heard the happy notes of other birds not far away, and giving me a bright look from the corner of his eye, away he flew—to freedom. But every morning Tony appeared at my window for his breakfast, and often he would come into the tree in front of the house and sing me one of his most joyous songs. If I went to the door and called, "Tony!" he would give a quick, short cry and stretch out his wounded leg, now entirely well, in a peculiar way, seeming to remind me of the accident which had brought us together.

When autumn came and the robins flocked together, ready to escape the cold by flying South, I expected to say good-by to my little friend forever. I often wondered where he spent the snowy days, and if he ever thought of me. Imagine my surprise, then, one bright spring morning to hear outside my window that peculiar call which I knew only Tony would make.

I hastened to the door, and sure enough there was my little friend. The spots on his breast had given place to an even red, and the mate that he had brought with him told me that he was now a full-grown robin, ready to face the responsibilities of life. What his mate thought of such unusual proceedings I would like to know; but Tony had not forgotten, and had come to tell me their happy secret: "Mrs. Tony and I are looking for a nice, shady place in Robin Town to make our home this summer."

I am sure they found it, but I wonder whether Tony ever told his children of strange adventures, "when I was a boy," in the giant's castle, and how the giantess proved a kind friend and helper in his need.—Alice Fletcher.

SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches 'round you like a strong disease and new--
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet "All hails,"
Met in the smile of God: Nay, none of these.
Speak Thou, availing Christ! and fill this pause.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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